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Abandoned



frankensteinfanfiction horror

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Chapter 1 by Skeld

The Frankenstein Reanimation Ltd. was the sole reason Great Britain had reached new heights. For starters, it had pacified the Industrial Revolution and gave access to a new technology. Now the city of London is run by the Resurrected. These replaced the hitherto serving people of England and allowed them to climb higher in the social echelon.

The discovery of reanimation by the idolized doctor Victor Frankenstein was a landmark achievement in England's History. But, now the company was run by the old doctor's daughter, Katherine. The old doctor resides in his estate at Suffolk with his trusty Prometheus, the first to be reanimated. Victor rarely leaves his mansion, for those who have peeked into his soul will have known that he was plagued by guilt. He had come to this realization at old age- Humans, in any shape or form, are not servants.

Because history is written by the victors and edited by the lickspittles, no one knew about the Doctor's realization, except for Katherine. But she was helpless for she had to run a Company.

The Company had given birth to great gifts for the benefit of Great Britain, but it also had some

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smelly trouser and nothing more. His eyes were yellow, his skin was pale and he had dark patches.

Snatched from death, unwilling and unwanted, he was one of many.

He had suffered many cruelties and was destined to suffer more. Immortal though he was, he did not know it.

As he falls down because of exhaustion, he thinks of survival, and of Katherine. She was the last person he had seen before being cast out, and now, he had some questions for her to answer.

Chapter 2 by



First time his skin felt the sunshine, all kinds of pain resurfaced. Just three days ago, several Englishmen who, filled with calculated evil, decided to mob him -- same time he heard Katherine's bitter farewell.

Finding no comfort to sit still on poorly asphalted stairway, he made entry to a deserted shelter. A single sign of life consists of a single dimly-lit candle placed on top of a shabby table. Someone must be here! He bolted towards the exit but found himself easily hoisted and slammed on the muddy floor.

Several tiny legs gradually became visible as he stared at a tiny compartment partially covered by worn curtains. Human legs... Humans, who would have thought?

A single blow to his skull rendered him unconscious. For how long? He wished it eternal.

Chapter 3 by Japhet



"No..." Crisp ridicule can be overheard through the glass tube where subject 6280 lies in wait for final inspection. Although pained with the sharp laser periodically focused to his eyes, his vision began to take shape.

"But you should be able to do something for it." A comforting female voice somehow soothed his growing indignation towards the man who had been unmistakably pronouncing him as

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Katherine...

"Are you okay mister?" A tiny voice roused him back to reality. On the corner of his eyes stands a familiar creature with ashen complexion, yellow eyes and severely disfigured arms. "I'm sorry Priscilla had to knock you out. She thought you're a mentally damaged Frankie."

Frankie... He couldn't help but snicker. A lively young girl with severe defect just reeled him back to the fact that there are several malfunctions like them. "The name's Kyros, your not so normal Frankie" It seems like he has mistaken the tiny legs into human legs.

"Kyros! Kyros! He is Kyros!" Several children with the same appearances popped under the bed and stared at him passionately. "Did Katherine name you too?"

"Yes." She named them all. Functional or not, she made sure every subject has a name. The temporary amity cleared his head and proceeded to show courtesy to Priscilla before deciding to leave. Their place is no haven and the longer he stays, the more dysfunctional he feels. Once and for all, he never planned to crowd with anyone, even to his kind.

Chapter 4 by



Thunderstorms and lightning vehemently occupy and rake the skies for six hours now. Kyros could barely feel the raindrops pounding his head and arms. Any normal human could have their skins wrinkled by soaking too much. But he is different. Enforced by minuscule dome-like skin structure using similar microscopic textures to waterproof itself, his skin was intricately designed like the gecko's hairs, that trap pockets of air and stop water from seeping into the spaces between them. Hence, he was designed to withstand extreme weather conditions.

However at the moment, he doesn't appreciate the physical superiority. Bound and gagged at the heart of the city square after attempting to make contact with the commoners, Kyros was immediately condemned and spat at.

THUD! Rocks occasionally hurled to Kyros at the span of the rainfall rouses him from falling

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The towering sound of midday bells rang notifying London of labor break. Middle class blue-collars fill lunch counters expecting for aliments to fill their hungry stomachs. Kyros could smell soup dishes and beers restlessly distributed by barmaids and waitresses.

So this is how "normals" are supposed to live...

Heavy raindrops gradually lessened and the tiny fissures between the flattened stone slabs sip excess rainwater. Kyros' heart began to pound. He knew he will never get used of the gnashing pain of sunlight touching his skin, let alone exposed under it in a gruesome midday light. Nobody will probably bat an eye to his torment. Dark clouds eventually withdrew and paved way to the coronal light clawing its way to the creature tightly bound in the middle of the square.

"Aaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhh!!!!"

Chapter 5 by Opulence



However the cry never came, lost in muffles to the gag around his mouth. Then the light touched him.

The sun tore across Kyros' skin and burned his very soul, he felt the very fabric of his being begin to tear itself apart under the heat and agony that only day could bring to a malfunction. He attempted to escape his bindings but to no avail.

His world devolved into unending torment, the occasional jeers and insults of passersby to keep him company.

And yet Kyros continued to live.

His poor excuse for flesh and blood defied the torment of the sun and sky, with only the temporary relief of a passing cloud to give him hope which was torn away all too soon. The name burned into his brain since his creation rung like a church bell on a Sunday.

Kathrine Frankenstein.

Kathrine.

Kathrine...

He continued to persist, even once his spirit had died out, the day became an eternity until

the next day dawned and he was still there, still bound, still tormented, still burning under the sun's heat.

He was still there, still bound, still tormented, still burning under the sun's heat.

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truncheon across the back of his head. "Don't want you and yer lot stinking up the place. Now see those dead 'uns over there. Drag 'em inter some alley" continued the voice as Kyros pulled himself to his feet and adjusted himself to his surroundings. Around him he saw a myriad of dead malfunctions, perished in the sun. The short gruff woman dressed in an officer's blue stared at him with a look of disgust mixed with apathy, "What are ye waiting for. I'm not touching 'em! Are my words not going through yer head?!" she yelled as another hit from the truncheon collided with Kyros.

He complied, carrying the bodies of his kin into a shady corner, where they would never be seen again. He returned to the officer, "What do you want, a thank you? Bugger off" she spat from behind a half finished pipe. "Where is Kathrine?" Kyros muttered, the officer looked up at him in response. "Kathrine Frankenstein" he added, with what little optimism he could muster. "Oh lord, yer all the same." she answered "All thinkin' yer somethin' special. Bugger off Frankie, there's nothing here for yer lot. You can go jump in front of a train for all I care". And with that the officer left, leaving Kyros alone, with questions.

But the night was still young, and if one person had answers, it would be Katherine.

Chapter 6 by Skeld



Kyros was nodding off to sleep under the cold moon-light when he heard the horses. It cut through the night like a serpent's bite. He woke up startled and looked around. He was in an alley way, just beside the road. He got up slowly, his dead joints creaking under his weight, and walked to the middle of the road like a man hypnotized. Suddenly, a four-horse stagecoach came thundering down the slope. Kyros stood gaping at it, the driver was riding so fast, he didn't have the time to react. He crashed into Kyros' body, but kept going on. Swearing under his breath *Reckless devils*

Katherine started when she felt the bump, she opened the stagecoach's window and inquired. The driver said that it was nothing but a hump. That satisfied her for she had worked like a slave and was crushed under the weight of stress. She nodded off to sleep.

She woke up when the driver patted her gently, she opened her eyes and slowly began exiting

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The driver finished his cigar and got on the 'coach, yawned and drove off.

But he left behind one customer. Kyros crawled from the udder of the 'coach while the driver was yawning widely, he straightened his neck and stood staring at the 'coach disappearing into the fog.

He then looked up at the huge building before him.

Chapter 7 by -



"By George, I do declare - What the dev--" The man's thick English accent was cut short by the blow of some monstrous creature. It sent him reeling to the hard, damp ground. And gave him a bloody red bruise upon his brain.

But before the man could call for help, he fell into unconsciousness.

Chapter 8 by Skeld



Katherine was glaring at him venomously. Kyros' face was a blank sheet, expressionless.

Between them lay the great Victor Frankenstein. He looked puny in his old age as Kyros took a step forward.

"Stay away from him, you monster!" Katherine screamed.

Kyros' hands were bloody from all the crushed skulls from the gate to the Master Bedroom. He lifted those hands to reach out to her which made her fall back on the bed. Tears began to flow from his eyes. Warm transparent lines began stream down his rusty face.

"Mons...monster" He whispered. "First time I've heard that word to describe me. Perhaps it's true." He looked at his hands.

Katherine's mouth was hanging. She dared not say a word. He glared at her.

"Why?! Why did you do it?!" He nearly screamed.

"The company has it's standards." She said, her tone emotionless. "And you did not meet those standards. You are not the only one, if that's any solace."

"Solace?!" Now Kyros did scream "You dare talk to me about solace. You who stole me from my fate and flung me out into this cruel and decadent city! How dare you?"

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"Ah...I really do wish you will do that. It would be a comfort like no other."

She looked at the figure lying on the ground. " I toil like a slave and he gets all the rewards and recognition. It was always the same from childhood.

Kat! do this or Kat! do that while he was always away giving lectures and speeches. He didn't even mention me once in his speeches..."

"We are all abandoned, aren't we?" Kyros asked soothingly.

Katherine nodded weakly. They looked at each other for a long time.

Thunderstorms were gathering again as Kyros looked one last time at the big manor. He began to walk away sadly. He ripped his trenchcoat and hat.

He was determined to do this. At last he had a goal. His heart was calm now that he found out that he wasn't alone in this world.

The bridge was dark with only a few lamps to illuminate it. But that was enough for Kyros. He jumped suddenly without care. It was all over within a minute.

the end

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